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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 40. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880. No. 35.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c. executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,

Attorney & Counselor at Law

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

HINES & SMITH,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

New Office Court St., opposite Court House

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all Law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm.

JESSE K. HINES,
y MARION deK. SMITH.

WICKES & BROTHER

Call attention to cases of Men's HEAVY WINTER BOOTS, and Women's HEAVY WINTER BALMORALS.

And SHOES for BOYS AND GIRLS.

All bought from first hands, and many of them made of first class material for our special sales.

People who appreciate a good Shoe may find it to their advantage to look at them.

November 1, 1879.

WOOLEN GOODS.

GOODS FOR MEN

GOODS FOR BOYS!

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

We have in stock, lines of the above Goods—in good variety—many of them just put on sale, and of Mallalieu's manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figures to be reasonably close.

Goods generally to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition.

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, November 1, 1879.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Millington, Kent Co., Md.,

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND DEALER IN

Coal, Lime,

FERTILIZERS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

GRAIN

at the different stations on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. jy12-tf.

WINTER GOODS.

NEW STOCK.

J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Have just received a large and carefully selected stock of WINTER GOODS, which they offer at the

Lowest Cash Prices!

DRY GOODS—Dress Goods in various styles; Dress Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, Red, White and Grey Flannels, Canton Flannels, Cassimeres, Kerseys; bl'k, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, and Grey Waterproof, &c.

NOTIONS.—Gents' Ladies', Misses' & Children's Hosiery, Gloves, Hdk'fs, Collars, Shawls in variety, Skirts and Clouds, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Vests, Gents' Underwear, &c.

Boots and Shoes!

Boots and Shoes!

Men's Heavy Boots, all prices.

Boys' Heavy Boots, all prices.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, in great variety, all at low prices.

HATS and CAPS

For MEN AND BOYS, of the Latest Styles.

Ingrain, Rag and Hemp CARPETS.

Floor, Table and Step OIL CLOTHS, at low prices.

Queensware and Woodenware, Groceries, Sugars, Coffee, Syrup, Soap, &c. Tobacco and Segars.

Stock large—Prices the Lowest.

A call solicited.

novl. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

Houses for Rent,

FOR 1880.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined, on High Street, above Mill Street, occupied by Mr. A. P. Carroll.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined on Cross street near High, now occupied by Mr. S. S. Usilton.

DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, near High, adjoining above. The front room of this house would be fitted for a Store room if desired.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
sep20—tf. ATT'Y AT LAW.

FOR RENT,

The Wheelwright Shop,

in Kennedyville, at present occupied by John M. Pennington, for the ensuing year. Apply to

oc18-tf. JACOB HIGHLEY.

FOR RENT,

For 1880,

A DWELLING HOUSE

on Cross st., in Chestertown.

Apply to WM. VANNORT.

Nov. 1—tf.

FOR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE

at present occupied by myself will be for rent the ensuing year.

oc4-tf. A. L. VANNORT.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR

and VERY OLD.

For sale by WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, September 9, 1879.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

CHEAP, FRESH AND RELIABLE.

at the NEW DRUG STORE

BORDLEY'S CORNER

M. A. TOULSON

Has opened a first-class Drug and Prescription Store.

PATENT MEDICINES of every description furnished at short notice.

The PRESCRIPTION Department

is complete in every particular. Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and dispatch, (being under my own personal supervision) and the most improved pharmaceutical manuals, from English, French and American. Drugs, at the very lowest possible figures.

A Full Line of Fancy Articles.

CHOICE PERFUMERY in great variety.

I can suit both Old and Young in

Spectacles & Eye-Glasses.

Very superior PEBBLE GLASS.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO!

Imported Key West and Domestic cigars. Gravely Tobacco, &c.

M. A. TOULSON,
oct25. Bordley's Corner.

NOTICE!

ATTRACTIVE! BEAUTIFUL!

And CHEAP

Triple-Plated

SILVER WARE!

Of the FINEST QUALITY,

AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

CARD RECEIVERS,
CAKE BASKETS, CASTERS,
FRUIT and FLOWER STANDS,
JELLY BOWLS,
NAPKIN RINGS,
SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS,
BUTTER DISHES,

and many other useful articles, all of which are executed in the most beautiful and artistic styles.

The above goods have been purchased from the largest manufacturers of Silver-Plated Ware in this country and are sold at their prices and quality warranted.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.

Dec. 6, 1879.

Good News to All

W. HUDSON,

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has now on hand an assortment of

Fruits, Candies, Nuts & Toys

the largest and finest displayed in Chestertown which will be sold at PRICES TO SURPRISE ALL.

We do not intend to allow any of these goods to leave us, for we intend to SELL AT A SMALL ADVANCE, in fact we have not room for such large stock and they must be sold.

1,000 lbs. Common CANDY,
1,000 lbs. FRENCH CANDY,
500 lbs. NUTS of all kinds,
50 lbs. MINCE MEAT,
500 lbs. RAISINS,
1,000 Raisins,
lbs. Citron,

Lemons, Oranges, Figs, Cocoa-Nuts, Toys, Fancy Notions, &c. We are daily manufacturing all kinds Taffy, such as Wax Butter, Pine Apple, Lemon, &c.

We are also making every day CARAMELS of all flavors which we are selling at only 30c. per lb. Try them.

Store in which we want to sell above goods will save money by calling on us; in fact we want every one to call and be convinced that *the above is no Story.*

W. HUGHES,

dec14. CONFECTIONERY.

SOMETHING NEW!

NEWS DEPOT

AT

M. A. Toulson's Drug Store.

Will in a few days all daily and weekly papers; Popular Magazines, Libraries, &c. Subscription forms solicited at the DRUG STORE of

M. A. TOULSON,
Nov. 1. Bordley's Corner.

TAKE NOTICE!

HAVING made arrangements, we are prepared to supply our friends and the public with

Gambill's FLOUR.

Patapsco family, Also Extra, Orange Grove, Ceres,

by the Barrel, half-barrel, quarter-barrel, sack or pound. Also ice GRAHAM FLOUR, all at lowest cash prices, delivered free. Send us your orders.

oct25, J. B. PINGTON.

& Co.

Miss R. W. Wilkins respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at their residences, if desired, at their rooms on Moderate. She refers, by permission, to MRS. LAKE. oct1-3m.

BROOMS manufactured of THE BEST STYLE at reduced prices. Request all who have Broom Corn to sell it in as early as possible. Address

JUND & SON,
n29-3t. Edes, Kent co., Md.

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

Yes, I've been deacon of our church
Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of duty, too,
And kep' my conscience clear.
I've watched the children growin' up,
Seen brown locks, turnin' gray,
But never saw sech doin's yet
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord,
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight;
Folks could'nt then afford
Carpets and cushings and sech like—
The seats were jest plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones;
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand
To hear our leader start the tunes,
With tunin'-fork in hand!
Then good old 'China,' 'Mears,' and all,
Were heard on Sabbath days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
Jest eight feet from the ground
They'd reered it up—on either side
A narrer stairs went down;
The front and ends were fitly carved
With Scripter stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Just room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge
(I'll own I *did* get narvous when
He shoved it to the edge.)
There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scripter to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course, I've seen great changes made,
And fought ag'inst 'em, too;
But first a choir was introdooced
Then cushings in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor,
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandyleer.

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight—
I went to ev'ry meetin',
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
At last the worst misfortin' fell—
I *must* blame Deacon Brown;
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach
He looked a'most like flyin';"
Said that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half-way up had tarried;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made an end—
Excuse my feelin's. Seems to me
As ef I'd lost a friend.
"It made their necks ache, lookin' up,"
Was what the folks did say;
More lookin' up would help us all
In this degin'rate day.

The church won't never seem the same
(I'm half afeared) to *me*,
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be,
And now—to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With jest a railin' round his desk—
I don't believe I can!

Simplifying Words.

Why not simplify our words? Why say "ladies" and "gentlemen" when we mean simply men and women? Why need we write "solitary individual" when refering to one person only? Our plain schools are advertised as seminaries and academies; our business schools as commercial colleges. The youth who stands behind the counter in a dry goods store would be brained with his own yard-stick rather than call himself a salesman or his establishment a shop. He alludes to his wages as "salary," and if his pay is raised, he announces to those "helpless infants" at home that his "income has been augmented." His employer is the "proprietor of the emporium." His letters are "epistolary advices." His neighborhood is "this vicinity." The lawyers, authors and farmers are distinguished respectively as "literary gentlemen," "gentlemen of the legal profession," and agricultural gentlemen." We wish your young women could be taught that it does not add one cubit to the stature of a house to call it a "residence," that even a church or even a meeting-house is as venerable as the "sacred edifice;" that it is no more genteel to "retire," than to go to bed; that the garment so fondly covered with side plaitings, so coldly and quickly frayed out along the paving stones, is really a gown, and not a "promenade costume;" that it need not bring a blush to even Mr. Podsnap's Young Person to say leg instead of "limb," when leg is meant; that the supper at an evening party is not "the entertainment," and that there are well-founded objections to the use of "nicely" an adjective describing the state of one's health. We have over-tasked our mother tongue long enough. Give, oh! give it a rest. Simplicity of phrase is in itself a sort of eloquence.

MR. MOODY, when asked the other day by a reporter of the *Republican*, of St. Louis, concerning his belief as to hell, answered: "Of course I base my belief entirely upon the Bible, and there isn't a ray of hope held out in it that hell will otherwise than endless. There is no hope held out to repent beyond the grave that I can find. As to the latter part of your question, I would answer that any man banished from the face of God thirsts. The moment that God hid his face from Christ He exclaimed, 'I thirst.' The remorse at having lost Heaven is worse than the physical punishment. I do not think that hell contains physical fire. The word is used to convey to our senses in its full import the terrible punishment."

LIFE in the country at this season of the year is not without its charms. The big, blazing wood-fire on the hearth at evening beats all the transformation scenes of the theatre in the wonderful changes and visions that can be studied in its crumbling coals; and then there is the ruddy and handsome farmer's daughter, the princess of the kitchen, who knows more about the common sense way of getting along in the world than any two of her city cousins. Given the fireplace and the sort of a girl to watch the dying embers with you, and suppose star showers don't come off on time, what do you care? Heaven is close to you.—*Ex.*

A PRINTER'S boy went to see a preacher's daughter. The next Sunday the minister's text was: "My daughter is tormented with a *devil*."

SETTLED.—"Do you set up for an angel, now?" she asked; "your visits are so few and far between." "No!" he answered; "but an angel sets up for me."

MARK TWAIN on PRIVATE CLERKS.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY'S "UNNECESSARY APPENDAGE" DEMOLISHED.

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant.

A day or two ago I received a formidable envelope from Washington inclosing a letter and some printed matter. This envelope had certain particularities about it. For instance, in its right-hand upper corner an oval black stamp was printed, bearing the words, "United States Postal Service;" in the upper left-hand corner the following words were printed in large, bold type in three separate lines—thus:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
Official Business.

In the lower left-hand corner was printed the following words, in two separate lines, thus:

A Penalty of $300 is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

In this majestic envelope I found the following, among other things:

"POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., November 30, 1878.—*S. M. Clements, Esq., Hartford, Conn.*:—Dear Sir—Noticing your letter to the Hartford *Courant* upon the recent order of the postmaster-general, I take the liberty of inclosing a few copies of a tract which the department has prepared, in order to meet such hardened cases as yours. After reading the tract and the inclosed clipping from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which latter I wish you would return to me, as it is the only copy I have, you will see that the 'unnecessary labor' of which you complain was really as unnecessary as the complaint, the only utility of which was to add to the already surplus stock of misinformation in the world, and to enable some needy compositors to increase their strings by several thousand, which latter end might have been just as well attained by the use of bogus.

"I send you by this mail a copy of the postal laws and regulations to explain the allusions in the tract, and hope you will take the trouble to look into the matter thoroughly. The department is a unit in regarding the order as the greatest step towards perfecting the postal service that has been taken for years, and its officers are confident that when the public understand it they will sustain it.

"Yours truly, THOMAS B KIRBY,
Private Sec. to Postmaster Gen'l."

My Callow Friend: When you shall have outgrown the effervescences of youth and acquired a bit of worldly experience, you will cease to make mistakes like that. That is to say, you will refrain from meddling in matters that do not concern you; you will recognize the simple wisdom of confining yourself strictly to your own business. There are persons who would resent this innocent piece of impertinence of yours and say harsh things to you about it; but, fortunately for you, I am not that sort of person. Whatever else I may lack I have a good heart.

Therefore, in a humane and gentle spirit, I will try to set you right upon certain small points—not to hurt you, but to do you good. You seem to think you have been called to account. This is a grave error. It is the postoffice department of the United States of America which has been called to account. There is a difference here, which you have overlooked; I will point it out. You are not the postoffice department, but only an irresponsible, inexpensive and unnecessary appendage to it. Grave, elderly men, public instructors, like me, do not call private secretaries to account. Bear this in mind; it will be a help to you.

The mistake you have made is simple—you have imagined yourself the dog, whereas you are the tail. You have endeavored to wag the dog; this was not judicious. You should have hung quiescent until the dog wagged you. If I stepped on this tail—and we will grant, for the sake of argument, that I did—it was not to call the tail's attention to anything, but only to direct the attention of the main body of the animal to a certain matter. You perceive it was simply in the nature of ringing a bell, that is all; my business was not with the bell itself, but with the owner of it. A bell is a useful thing, in a measure, but it should not keep on ringing when one is done with it.

Do I make myself partially understood? Lest there be any doubt, let me illustrate further—by parable; for the parable is the simplest vehicle for conveying information to the immature mind. You seem to have gathered the impression, somehow, that you are a member of the Cabinet. This is an error. You are only extraneous matter connected with a member of the Cabinet. Your chief is one of the guns of that battery, but you are not. You are not the gun or the load, or even the ramrod; neither do you supply the ammunition. You only do up the cartridges and serve as a fire-stick to touch it off. You are not the barrel of molasses; you are only the faucet through which the molasses is discharged. You are not the boot, but the bootjack; that is to say, you do not furnish the idea, you only pull it off. You are not the lightning-rod.

Do you perceive? The thing I am trying to covey to you is, that it does not become you to assume functions which do not belong to you. You may think it strange that I am closing this note without saying anything upon the matter you have broached. Over-look that: drop it out of your mind—we do not disturb the repose of private secretaries with affairs with which they have nothing to do. The newspaper slip which you have inclosed to me will be returned to you by one of my private secretaries. I keep eleven of these things—not for use, but display.

Although I cannot consent to talk public business with you, a benevolent impulse moves me to call your attention to a matter which is of quite serious importance to you as an individual. You, an unofficial private citizen, have written me an entirely personal and unofficial letter, which you have had the temerity to inclose to me in a department envelope, bearing upon its surface, in clear print, this plain and unmistakable warning:

A penalty of $300 is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

The servants of the government's officers ought to be, for simple decency's sake, among the last to break its laws. You have committed a serious offence—an offence which has none of the elements of a joke about it—and only plain and simple treachery to his duty on the part of his your superior can save you from the penalty involved. The kindly and almost affectionate spirit which I have shown you is sufficient evidence that I do not wish you any harm, but indeed the reverse. So, if that treachery shall intervene to shelter you, I shall not be sorry—as far as you individually are concerned—but I should be unfaithful to my citizenship if I did not at the same time feel something of a pang to see a law of the land coolly ignored and degraded by one of the very highest officers of the government.

As far as I am concerned you are safe, unless you intrude upon me again; in which case I may be tempted to bring you before the courts myself for the violation of that law. There, now, receive my blessing. Go and do not mix into other people's affairs any more. Otherwise you may pick up somebody who will feed disagreeable words to you instead of sugar. MARK TWAIN.

How the Sub-Treasury is Guarded.

The sub-treasury contains at present $164,000,000—$11,000,000 in silver, $130,000,000 in gold and $23,000,000 in greenbacks. The new silver vault, which has been in use some months, will store $40,000,000, and the prospects are that it will soon be filled. The silver is placed in bags containing $1,000 each, and the different issues are kept separate. Gold is held in bags containing $5,000, and greenbacks in packages of 1,000 notes. In addition to the silver vault there are two other vaults on the main floor, each of which is built on the plan of a first class safe. They contain the gold and greenbacks, the lock combination being held by Mr. Ashly, the specie clerk, and Mr. Brittan, the cashier, and once a month the surveyor of the port makes an examination of the treasure on hand. At night four men, suitably armed, are put on guard and patrol the main hall. Eight men are engaged in this service, their tour being alternate nights. During the day there are two policemen in uniform in the hall, two detectives in ordinary citizens dress also keeping watch.

One of these, Thomas Sampson, is an expert of high order of skill, and commands a salary of $1,800 a year. The watchmen receive $76 per month. They come at five o'clock the afternoon when the detectives leave, and lock up and remain until relieved in the morning. In addition to this the treasury has been put in a condition of defense against the attack of a mob. The windows are protected by steel bars, and the inside shutters are perforated with loop-holes. The entire clerical force is 70, for each of whom a musket is kept in the armory. In addition to this, Gatling guns will be stationed on the roof which will insure the safety of the place against popular violence. This vast institution is under the general care of Thos. Hillhouse, assistant treasurer. He was bred in the western part of the State but has held his present office for several years. His salary is $8,000—a small sum for one who must give bonds to the amount of half a million. Next in official importance is Cashier Brittan, whose salary is $4,000. —*New York Sun.*

Nature to be Superceded.

The great drouth in Virginia this year, which caused many streams to dry up and seriously affected the crops, has prompted Gen. Ruggles, of Fredericksburg, in that State, to devise some means to have rain in sufficient quantities and at the proper times to ensure against such occurrences in the future. He has concluded, says the Westminister *Advocate*, that concussion of the air, produced by dynamite sent up in balloons, will accomplish the desired object, and has asked Congress to appoint a special committee to inquire into the practicability of this theory.

To produce rainfall by concussion of the air is no new idea. A gentleman of Georgia, some six or eight years ago, advanced the same theory, and contended that the necessary concussion could be produced by firing cannon. Another Georgian, then a resident of Delaware, attacked the commanding theory and ridiculed the author of it into silence thro' one of the Georgia journals. Still, if Gen. Ruggles can demonstrate the utility of the dynamite plan, he would be entitled to some mark of distinction in recognition of his wonderful and useful discovery. In event of his success we should be independent of nature, and could have rain whenever necessary. It might be difficult to have rain at the proper time and place, so as to suit all, but that might be obviated by each farmer keeping a supply of dynamite on his own farm, to be used just when necessary. And still another difficulty might be experienced by the farmer in having the rain fall only on his own land, yet experience, no doubt, would suggest to Gen. Ruggles some plan to regulate the charge of dynamite to produce a certain extent of rainfall, so that no man would endanger his neighbor by a flood, or an opportune rain. This is a progressive age, and if Gen. Ruggles can successfully put his theory in to practice, he will eclipse the rising star of Edison, and be a "bigger man than old Grant."

NOT A BAD COUNTRY.—Alaska is a pleasant country to live in, notwithstanding all polar bear and iceberg stories. The climate of the islands and of all that part of the mainland that is bathed by the warm ocean currents from Japan is remarkably bland and temperate, and free from extremes of heat and cold throughout the year. There is a great deal of rainy weather, but it is of good quality, mild in temperature, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the deep, cool rivers, feeding the mosses and trees, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful. Out of 147 days, beginning May 17 of this year, rain fell on 65 days, and 43 were cloudy; but on some of these days the rain lasted only a few minutes, and hardly any could be called stormy or dismal. The wettest of this weather seems to be perfectly healthy, and there is no mildew in the houses. Thunder is rarely heard—a flash and a clap, faint and far away, once in two or three years. The cause of so much rain is the vapor-laden winds from Japan.

THEY have not yet, in all their searches at Pompeii, discovered a saloon tumbler with a bottom any thicker than the sides. That trick was left to Yankee ingenuity.

DAN RICE AS A REFORMER.

As already announced, Dan Rice, the veteran showman, made his appearance as a temperance advocate at the Sanitarium, in St. Louis, last Sunday afternoon. The St. Louis *Republican* furnishes the following synopsis of the old showman's address on the occasion referred to:

"It is rather an awkward position this to be in," said Dan. "I didn't expect to come here. The other day I received a letter from Mr. Cordell asking me to attend this meeting. I told him I could not do it. Mr. Cordell called upon me yesterday and induced me to come. My mind has been undergoing a remarkable change recently. I have not set down yet any direct or positive course for the future. I have been so mixed up with my profession during the past few years that in adopting this new course I am moved by impulse. I do not even know what I am going to say now, but I feel better than I have for years. I am glad to be here this afternoon. It did me good to be with the little children before the meeting. I felt honored at being among them. I have moral courage and am not ashamed to face any of you, as some men would be. Some would have too much dignity to stand up here. Too much dignity is not democratic. [Laughter.] Solomon says that it is a wise man who conforms to the exigencies of the hour, and as I have always been considered a clown, a zany and a fool, I think it is about time I conformed to the exigencies of something else. [Laughter.] I have been a minister, but not of the gospel. I have been a minister of fun. My mother's family were all Methodists, and my mother used to prophesy that one day I would be a minister, and she often prayed that I would become one. I heard Moody the other night; the prayers and songs made me weep like a child. [Here Dan's voice faltered.] When I heard that old song my mother used to sing I wept like a child. I came away and resolved to lead a new life. The night before Zach. Chandler's death in Chicago we were standing at a bar together drinking. He said: 'This is my last drink, Dan. I have fulfilled my mission.' That was his last drink, for he died that night. I have had my last drink, and I trust to God that I have taken it in time. This is a glorious work and it is glorious to be in it. People can sneer at me if they like, but I can bear the brunt of their scorn. If I return to my profession—and I have not made up my mind as to whether I will or not—I want to meet that heterogeneous mass with whom I have been accustomed to associate and destroy that curse that ruins and sends so many of them to early graves. Even in the arena and in my professional attire I will strive to reach these masses. Let them sneer at me when I get my harness on. I came unprepared to speak here, but now I feel inspired—morally great. I believe there is more manhood about me to-day than there has been at any time during the past forty years. Let people say what they will of me, I will go on. Let the press say what it will. The press has had a good deal to say about me. It has said some pretty hard things of Barnum.] When I was young I used to get mad at what they said. I recollect once an abusive article that was written about me and Barnum. I wanted to take it up and I wrote to Barnum about it. He replied: 'My dear Dan, let 'em say what they please; it's only an advertisement.' [Laughter.] Barnum's skin was thicker than mine. They abused me, but until of late they had no cause. My character has been good until the last five years. Since then every one in St. Louis knows my feelings. Trouble caused me to drink and I have been drunk five years—all those five years I have got drunk to drown sorrow. I used to go staggering along like this. [Here Dan imitated a drunken man.] When I think of it it makes me ashamed of myself. General Grant's a great man; General Grant gets drunk; I and General Grant have been drunk together. I am a great man, too. He's a great man, so'm I, hic. [Laughter.] Grant's a great general, in his line, and I'm a great general in mine. [Laughter.] I'm as big a man as Grant. If drunkenness is a criterion, I used to think, I would be a great man. When I was drunk I thought I was a great man, but when I woke up the next morning the hallucination would be gone. Then I would lie there and swear I was going to reform and never touch another drop. After awhile I'd get up, and somehow or other I would get in the neighborhood of that same saloon. My head ached and my stomach was on fire, but then I had sworn off. I was never going to drink another drop. I looked at the place a long time, and then I grew cunning. [Laughter.] I went into the saloon. I felt very sick. I needed some stomach bitters. The bar-keeper did'nt have any. I pulled his head down close to me and whispered, 'Give me a cocktail but don't tell any one about it.' Then I would get drunk again. It was this same thing over and over again, day after day. I would swear off repeatedly, and break my pledges as often, but I have broken it for the last time. In the course of my life I have spent three fortunes. I would have them now were it not for intemperance, and this is but a small part of the evil which I have suffered from it. I know what intemperance is, and from this time on temperance will never have a stronger advocate than Dan Rice."

At the close of the meeting a great many persons surrounded the old showman, congratulating him upon the new course which he had taken, and expressing a wish that he would stand by all the good resolutions which he had made.

No matter how industrious or economical a young man is, his endeavors to save are wasted if he has a careless wife. He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be scarcely less certainly in vain. Habits of economy—the way to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters.

A LITTLE BOY was asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: "They practice law a spell here, and then go to the legislature." It was a painful operation for that boy to sit down for a few days.—*Ex.*

Edison's Electric Light.

A description of Edison's electric light, with illustrations, appears simultaneously in two leading newspapers, one at the East and the other at the West. It is declared that Mr. Edison has found, at last what seems to be an absolute solution of one of the most important problems that has engaged the attention of scientific men and inventors in our time. On various occasions the *Sun* has given an account of the progress that Edison was making in the direction, and of the doubts expressed by many scientific men as to whether he would ever succeed in completing a perfect and economical electric light. This, however, according to the present account, he has actually accomplished. He has discarded the idea of using incandescent platinum placed in a vacum under glass, and has adopted a carbon light of a peculiar kind. After many experiments he determined that the substance best adapted for carbonization and the giving out of incandescent light was paper, which he uses in the form of Bristol card-board in slips, placing it in an oven heated to 600 degrees Fahrenheit. This carbonized paper is placed in a globe, the air is exhausted, connection with the generator is made, and the lamp is ready for use. According to the account this lamp is one of remarkable simplicity. As completed, it is a glass globe resting on a stand, or it may be screwed on the end of any ordinary gas burner, and the wires from the electric battery may be conveyed to it in the tube that served to convey the gas to the same burner. Only the form of the lamp needs to be modified to serve for the table, or in brackets, or chandeliers. The electricity may be generated from the battery contrived for household use, or from a central outside source, and, in either case, the light is altogether under control of the persons in the house where it is used. It is alleged that it can be produced more cheaply than the cheapest oil, and that a meter has been perfected to measure the quantity of electricity used. He proposed, it is said, to light up Menlo Park on New Year's Eve by the process we have described.—*Balto. Sun.*

The Baby Plant.

A BEAUTIFUL BOTANIC WONDER.

Portland (Oregon) Standard.

No curiosity exhibited in this city for years has attracted such general attention as that wonderful plant at Shanahan's art gallery. Fully 3,000 people have visited the place to look upon this botanical wonder. It is said to be indigenous to Japan. Its technical term has not been ascertained, but it is known, and appropriately so, as the "Baby Plant." It is of the genus lily, sometimes attaining a height of four feet and blossoming semi-annually. The one of which we write is, however, not more than twelve inches in height, with leaves about six inches long and two inches wide. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals, of a handsome brown and yellow coor. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive form is a small canopy, angel-shaped, having extended arms and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which the "baby" is a member, produce not only the specimen now on exhibition but also give perfect imitations, if such they can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the latter varieties for which $300 was paid. The plant grows to be about three feet in height, when fully matured, and when in full bloom the one now in this city will look like a ship-wrecked foundling hospital.

"Gone Away."

In returning to some portions of our coast region, one inquiring for old friends who were as familiar in former days to the localities as the roads aud rivers were, is met by the simple, yet truly sad response, "Gone away." Large and important families, containing as many as fifty or one hundred persons of the same family name, have not a single one of the name left in communities where it was once a household word. This is peculiarly the case in Beauford county. The estates of many of these people, which had never been owned for over a century, or, indeed, since the first settlement of the country, by any other but some branch of the same family, who still held them at the happening of the war, have been confiscated by a cruel sale for taxes, covering amounts for taxes owed by the whole of this State and parts of Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee. Hard, hard has been the lot of these unhappy, unhappy sufferers. "Gone away!" Some of them, and not a few, have "gone away" never more to see again the home of their childhood. Some, and not a few, have gone to that long home where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.—*Columbia (S. C.) Reg.*

KILLED BY A METEOR.—The Bucyrus (O.) *Journal* says that as David Meisenthaler, the well-known stock man of Whitestone township, was driving his cows to the barn about daylight this morning, he was struck by an aerolite and instantly killed. It appears as if the meteor had come from a direction a little west of south and fell obliquely at an angle of about sixty degrees, for it first passed through a tall maple, cutting the limbs as clean as if it had been a cannon ball, and then struck him apparently on or under the shoulder, passing clean thro' him obliquely from below the right shoulder to above the left hip, and buried itself about two feet in the soft black ground. The poor man's head and legs are injured, but the greater part of his body seems to have been crushed into the earth beneath the terrific aerolite, which is about the size of a common patent bucket, and apparently of a roughly round shape. It appears to be formed of what is called iron pyrites.

AN old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but I think it's better in the dark."

THE most lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed.—*Champfort.*

A Terrible Leap Over Niagara.

A Buffalo dispatch to the New York *Times* gives the following particulars of the suicide at Niagara Falls Wednesday, heretofore briefly announced:

"For the second time since the structure was finished the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls has been made the scene of a suicide. Much mystery is attached to this, its cause and the name of the actor in the tragedy not being certainly known as yet. The victim is described by those who saw him as of gentlemanly appearance and between sixty and seventy years of age. He arrived at the falls in the morning by way of the Erie railway, and spent the morning strolling around Prospect Park. He seemed attracted to what is known as Prospect Point, and spent a great deal of his time there. He turned away frequently from the fascinating sight that is there presented, but each time returned after only a brief absence. About noon he turned away and visited the postoffice, where he wrote a letter and addressed it to Kennedyville, Chautauqua county. He also took occasion to tell the postmaster that his name was D. A. Sikes, and said he resided at Kennedyville. He then returned in the direction of the Falls, and went down to the bridge, where he conversed with the gate-keeper, paid the customary toll, and started over the bridge toward Canada. When he had gone about a third of the distance, Dr. Clark, who was driving over behind the man, saw him walk to the centre of the bridge, pause a moment and look about him. Then with great deliberation he climbed upon the railing, and, after gazing a moment on the dark eddies beneath, threw up his hands and plunged head first down the awful distance of 192 feet into the waters of the Niagara. For fifty feet his body dropped like a plummet, then turned over twice, and then struck the water with a sharp slap that sent the foam high into the air. It disappeared only for a moment, and on coming to the surface floated with the head pointing toward the Falls and the white face appearing above the water. There were no signs of life, and death must have resulted from the terrible collision with the water. The ferrymen at the bridge started after the body, but the current carried it too far for them to venture in safety, and the efforts had to be abandoned. The only clue to the identity of the suicide is the conversation which he had with the postmaster.

Look Into Your Cellars.

Those who live in nice houses and have luxuriously furnished parlors and bedrooms, in some instances never look into the cellars beneath them. These underground places are often the sources of disease. Materials are carelessly thrown into the cellars by thoughtless servants and are left to decompose.—Without ventilation, moisture may exist in the cellar to an extent to injure the healthfulness of the whole house. In farmers' houses the cellar is often the storehouse for all kinds of vegetables, and when any of these are in a decaying condition they affect the atmosphere. Neglected cisterns beneath the basement floor may spread malaria. In some instances portable furnaces are placed in the cellar and all the warm air which is distributed through the house is really cellar air. But when this is not the case the ordinary furnace may produce in its air chamber a sufficient draught to take in the poisonous gases of the cellar. When there are no furnaces to take up and distribute through a building the injurious gases of the cellar they may, nevertheless, be distributed not only through open windows, cracks and crevices, but sometimes, by their penetrating power, through the porosity of floors and walls. In view of these facts the cellar, as well as other portions of the house, should be investigated by intelligent heads now and then.—*Dr. Foote's Monthly.*

A SERMON PREACHED TO A PREACHER.—A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman of this city and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?" —*New Orleans Democrat.*

IT happened when Oil City was a new oil town that at a political meeting one of the prominent members went out the side door for a few moments just as an orator, referring to the death of a noted citizen, said, "Thus another great man is gone; where, oh! where shall we find one who shall fill his place?" Supposing the speaker had reference to the citizen who had just stepped out, a man on the back seat said, "Oh! don't worry; he's just gone for a drink."

A LECTURER was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, 'What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?' 'Oh, no,' replied the little one, 'we let out the tucks.'

WHY is it that coquettes, who are so universally courted by men, rarely find husbands? It is this: A coquette is like champagne, which one enjoys occasionally as a luxury, but